

# Prettiest Eyes

The Beautiful South

Line One is the time  
That you, you first stayed over at mine  
And we drank our first bottle of wine  
And we cried

Line Two we're away  
And we both, we both had nowhere to stay  
Well the bus-shelter's always OK  
When you're young

Now you're older and I look at your face  
Every wrinkle is so easy to place  
And I only write them down just in case  
That you die

Let's take a look at these crows feet, just look  
Sitting on the prettiest eyes  
Sixty 25th of Decembers  
Fifty-nine 4th of Julys  
Not through the age or the failure, children  
Not through the hate or despise  
Take a good look at these crows feet  
Sitting on the prettiest eyes

Line Three I forget  
But I think, I think it was our first ever bet  
And the horse we backed was short of a leg  
Never mind

Line Four in a park  
And the things, the things that people do in the dark  
I could hear the faintest beat of your heart  
Then we did

Now you're older and I look at your face  
Every wrinkle is so easy to place  
And I only write them down just in case  
You should die

Lets take a look at these crows feet, just look  
Sitting on the prettiest eyes  
Sixty 25th of Decembers  
Fifty-nine 4th of Julys  
You can't have too many good times, children  
You can't have too many lines  
Take a good look at these crows feet  
Sitting on the prettiest eyes

Well my eyes look like a map of the town  
And my teeth are either yellow or they're brown  
But you'll never hear the crack of a frown  
When you are here  
You'll never hear the crack  
Of a frown

